

The New Northwest

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME III.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1874.

NUMBER 31.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, no attention will be given to their communications.

JUDITH MILES;

What Shall be Done with Her? BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

(Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. F. F. Victor, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington City.)

CHAPTER XXV.

NEW SCENES AND NEW PERPLEXITIES.

So Judith departed from Fort Kellogg, a tall, handsome girl, of seventeen and a half years, decently if not richly dressed, with frank and simple manners, not lacking in dignity, but just dashed with the indecision of conscious inexperience. Her worldly wealth was all contained in a leather case she carried about her person; and her personal property in a small wooden chest which had belonged to her in childhood.

Copious were the tears she shed at parting from her friends, and many the kind words and good wishes she carried away with her. The long road before her beckoned even the charm of novelty, this being the third time in her short life she had been compelled to measure its weary length. All these things considered, she maintained a brave deportment, notwithstanding the tears.

Neither I, nor the reader, care to follow Judith very closely upon this tedious journey. We know what staging through a desert country is—the sparse settlement, the dreary "stations," the heat and dust, and anxiety about every kind of danger, the fatigue and thirst—we remember these things distinctly. Even the company one is compelled to endure may be among our afflictions. But in this respect Judith was fortunate. A lady and gentleman from Tucson were already in the stage, and at Prescott a gentleman going to San Francisco to bring out his family, took the unoccupied place beside Judith. It was impossible, of course, that a girl of Judith's appearance should remain unnoticed even for an hour, and it consequently fell out that in spite of her wish to avoid observation, her name and history became known, which is equivalent to saying that she immediately secured three sympathizing friends, for the journey at least.

The Tucson lady proved of great use to Judith, inasmuch as she became chaperone in place of Mrs. Kellogg, inviting her to stop off at San Bernardino, and again at Gilroy, to rest and refresh themselves, and also taking her in a carriage to the house of Mrs. Braze in San Francisco, where Mrs. Stewart had directed her to go, and who was prepared by the letter of introduction forwarded from Gilroy. Thus the thousand and one difficulties which she had feared to encounter alone, were happily overcome by the fortunate presence of a woman who recognized her duty and performed it.

Mrs. Braze, of No. 8—street, was a large, fair, matronly woman, whose silvery hair gave evidence of having been prematurely deprived of its once raven hue. Its puffs and curls were singularly becoming to the fresh countenance beneath, relieved as it was by finely pencilled black eyebrows, and a dash of healthy color in her cheek. The prominent, though not too aquiline nose, gave character to the face, whose general expression was one of pride, and love of dominion, yet whose undertone, if we might so express it, was a foolish vanity. Well-dressed, gracious in her manners when it pleased her to be so, she was that sort of person to whom society defers, and of whom her immediate family, while yielding to her wishes, say cutting things in private.

When Judith, having been conducted to her room to dress for dinner—her dinner-dress being that detestable old black silk the wearing of which was such a trial to her—confronted this majestic impersonation of fashion, under the brilliant light of a full chandelier of gas, and surrounded by every elegant appliance of use or ornament whose existence had hitherto been unknown to her, it is not surprising that she first quarter of an hour she felt, as she herself would have expressed it, "very much demoralized." Yet as her eye grew accustomed to the brilliancy and color of her surroundings, and somewhat also to the face of her hostess, her self-possession returned, and she began to discriminate and admire.

When Mrs. Braze had asked a few polite questions about the journey and her friend Mrs. Stewart, dinner was announced, and in the dining-room Judith was introduced to Judge Braze, and a couple of nice-looking boys, sons of the house of Braze, with whom she became intimate almost immediately, through answering so many of their questions about Arizona, military posts, and Indians. This happy curiosity of the boys relieved the conversation of the stiffness which among people not acquainted, nor assured of each other's tastes or feelings, make a first evening together so very fatiguing.

"Who came up with you from Prescott?" asked Judge Braze.

"Judge Talcott," answered Judith.

"Oh, did he? I must call upon him tomorrow. How is my old friend, Doctor Stewart?" And Judith gave an account of the Stewarts.

And so on through the evening. No one, except the boys, asked Judith questions about herself, and they were

checked from doing so, from a fear, doubtless, that the children might touch upon subjects painful to her feelings. On the whole, our young adventurer felt reassured by this reception into metropolitan society, and retired at an early hour, by the kind advice of her hostess, to a refreshing sleep, undisturbed by any torturing apprehensions of the future.

"What does this young woman expect of us?" asked the Judge of his wife, when the boys were out of the way.

"Haven't you read Mrs. Stewart's letter? She wishes me to give her a home, until something is found for her to do by which she can support herself, and she more than hints that if Miss Miles were properly put forward by some fashionable family she might marry well, as the best means of providing for her future. I wonder if she thinks I am going to adopt and bring her out?"

"That would not be a bad idea," returned the Judge, laying down the Evening Bulletin, to take up this other matter. "I only wish I had a daughter as handsome as this young lady," manlike, concluding at once in favor of beauty. "A man likes a daughter when he begins to go down the sunset slope of his life. It is curious, isn't it? I never used to care for girls, and now I never see an old fellow with a pretty daughter on his arm without envying him."

"That's your self-love, you see, my dear. When you were young enough to take your pick of fine young ladies, a daughter had no value in your eyes, but now that young ladies look the other way, you sigh for one of your own to hang upon your arm. On the contrary, a young lady would use me for a foil, and I am not sighing for that honor; I am satisfied with my two handsome boys."

And Mrs. Braze smiled a self-approving smile, under her silver puffs and curls.

"I'm quite in earnest, Anna," said the Judge, kicking off his slipper, and pulling it on again, to hide a trifling nervousness that beset him just then.

"So am I," returned the lady. "It is rather late for us to enlarge our family; we do very nicely as we are."

"I never saw lovelier eyes in my life," remarked the Judge, with an anxious look toward his wife; "such long curving lashes, giving softness with brilliancy. Such eyes are very rare."

"She has a fine shape, and will have beautiful hair when it grows a good length. At present it gives her a boyish look. But perhaps in less than a year she will be married to some penniless young fellow about the city, and there's an end of your pretty girl."

"Not if she were our daughter. We could keep her some years, and marry her well at last."

"There is no knowing who your daughter might take a fancy to. Ladies of rank have married coachmen; and there have been fashionable girls in San Francisco who have done much to disgrace their parentage."

Discouraged by this view of the case, Judge Braze remained silent for some minutes, apparently pondering upon the ungrateful ways of the daughters of men.

"Anna," said he at last, "there is something more than usually interesting about this girl. Did you notice how she answered the boys' questions—with what alacrity and intelligence? She will make a woman of no ordinary ability—a woman of distinguished social accomplishments, if she has a chance to develop. Let me see Mrs. Stewart's letter—I'd like to hear something about her."

"A very interesting history," added the Judge, when he had read the letter through. "Why, just think, Anna, she has not a relative on the coast, nor any friends or fortune. Think of her having lost everything, so young, and under such circumstances, and having the courage to come to this city alone to seek her fortune. It looks as if fortune had sent us exactly what we wanted—an intelligent, gifted, beautiful girl, to make home attractive for our boys—"

"Yes, and other people's boys," laughed Mrs. Braze, showing her fine teeth, which by the way came from Dr. B.—"Why do people with dentists' teeth in their heads smile so much oftener and more conspicuously than other people?"

"Well, there is no objection to that. We can then know what company our young fellows keep."

dress, under Mrs. Braze's directions, together with the other articles which constitute a complete out-door toilet for the metropolis. Judith had been rather dismayed at the cost, but was urged both by pride and timidity to allow her limited means to be squandered without protest. Her own judgment was against it, but since her hostess appeared to think it indispensable that she should be in the mode, she submitted to sinking the largest part of her small capital in clothes to compare with those worn by persons of ample means. This folly accomplished, and accomplished without once referring to that unsettled business of Judith's future, Mrs. Braze one morning introduced the subject, as the ladies were left to themselves by the departure of the male members of the family to school and office.

"What did Mrs. Stewart expect you could do in San Francisco? What kind of situation would you prefer—in a school, or as governess? Mrs. Stewart did not say what you preferred to do."

The question thus suddenly presented to Judith had a stunning effect. She had said to herself over and over again on her journey and since, in the solitude of her chamber, that she would accept whatever work could be found for her to do that promised independence; that she would not permit herself to have aspirations such as had haunted her imagination in the days of her absolute ignorance of the world; nor plume herself upon the fortuitous circumstances of having been thrown among people whose habits were more congenial than any to which she had belonged in her original station in life. In a word, she had declared to herself that she would not shirk her work in the world, whatever it might be.

But in Mrs. Braze's house she seemed under a spell. There was no necessity for exertion, almost none for thought, almost every want being anticipated. The conversation was always upon subjects that ignored the common wants of existence, and led the thoughts away from them. Nothing met the eye but elegance; she herself had been made elegant. There was nothing in common between what she was, as Mrs. Braze's guest, and what she should be when she became simply Judith Miles looking for work. Therefore, the sudden preference of Mrs. Braze's question shocked her unexpectantly and caused her to hesitate about her answer. She turned from the window where she was standing and looked toward her hostess with eyes that betrayed her perplexity.

"Sit down, my dear. Let us talk over your affairs this morning while we shall not be interrupted. It is important that we should begin to consider what shall be done for you, as I am obliged to go out of town in a week or two, and shall shut up the house and take the boys with me."

Judith sank into a "sleepy hollow" of his support. "In a week or two?" To be left homeless again in a week or two! And her money all spent on clothes! What a simpleton she had been! But then she had not done it herself, and perhaps it was right, after all. Resolving at any risk to be perfectly frank about her unfitness for positions requiring education, she replied at last:

"I cannot teach—because I am myself untaught."

"Not the simpler branches—not reading, writing and arithmetic—in a primary school?"

"Not anything," persisted Judith, blushing in spite of her resolves. "I never saw but one grammar, and then I had so much to do to learn to read that I had no time to study it."

Mrs. Braze laughed to hide her own surprise and consequent confusion. "Yet you speak correctly enough," she said, by way of smoothing over the little awkwardness.

"Thank you," returned Judith. "I owe what little I do know to a Yankee school-master who lived in my father's family a year, and was kind enough to teach me. I have read some books, and am naturally imitative besides, when anything commends itself to me, like good language. But imitative knowledge will not furnish out a teacher, I presume," smiling dubiously.

"But you surprise me!" exclaimed Mrs. Braze. "Why did your father have you educated, like other girls? If you have learned so much without being taught, what an accomplished scholar you would have made with proper advantages."

"Ah! if, and if!" returned Judith. "I think fortune has had a sort of spite against me, always. But you ask why my father did not educate me. I shall astonish you, I suppose; but my father did not believe in education. He was born in Alabama, moved to Texas in his early married days, and went to California in the early '40s, and was engaged in the raising. I was born in Texas on the borders of the Indian country. During the late war my father removed to California and commenced stock-raising again. But he was not satisfied. He hated Yankees, education and all the improvements which made the North always different from the South, and finally the Southern Pacific Railroad drove him to return to Texas. You know the rest."

Mrs. Braze gazed with genuine wonder, not unmixed with admiration, upon this example of a class she had sometimes heard of but never before met. In

her heart she preferred this sort of young lady to the educated, self-reliant girls of New England, who wore glasses and knew what "positive philosophy" meant. For half a moment she was inclined to favor the Judge's notion of adopting this born aristocrat into her family. But the momentary spasm of generosity passed, as all such spasms did pass with this worshipper of self and ease.

"Then, my dear, I do not see that our talk can be of any use. Without education what position could you expect to fill?"

"I have my lands," said Judith. "I can work."

"Work! Can you make dresses, or bonnets, or run a sewing-machine?"

"I never saw a sewing-machine; and I cannot make dresses or bonnets; but I can learn, if I have the opportunity," answered Judith, hopefully.

"Could you cook a dinner, or take care of children? for that about fills the list of pursuits open to women who cannot teach."

Judith shrank a little from such close questioning; though having determined to know the worst for herself, she answered:

"I could not compete with your cook. In fact, I know nothing of civilized house-keeping, this being the first city house I ever was in. I could take care of children I believe, for I love them," she said, thinking of Katie.

Mrs. Braze knit her handsome black brows in real perplexity. This total inefficiency was something she had not been prepared for. To be bored with having to see the School Superintendent, or hunt up some acquaintance who wanted a governess, was about what she had made up her mind to. But a child's nurse! Was that what she had dressed up her young lady for? Besides, Mrs. Stewart evidently thought Miss Miles ought to go into society and marry. A pretty predicament!

But Judith, listening for her fate, did not hear these discouraging thoughts. She heard, instead, the well-modulated voice of her hostess saying:

"My dear Miss Miles, yours is the most peculiar case I have ever known, and requires consideration. I am sorry I cannot give more time to it. But as I have to go out this morning I will see what can be done, and with a sweeping movement of her regal garments the stately lady quitted the apartment bidding Judith "amuse herself."

Judith's way of amusing herself was characteristic. It was to take herself to task for having suffered herself to be again moved like a puppet by her friends. Why had she been such a fool as to part with her money? Why had she not seen that 8—street acquaintances would be a disadvantage to her, and gone of her own accord to some humble abode where the necessity for work—any kind of work—would be at once comprehended, and where her ignorance would not have been so noticeable? Yet would these humbler people, having their own living to make, be willing to help her? Casting about in her mind for some possible way out of her present embarrassment, the thought occurred to her of Tim Parker's wife. She would not know of her deficiencies, and would probably let her come and help her about the cabin, taking care of the troops of white-headed young-ones. For a moment this idea seemed a feasible one, and agitated by an impetuous desire to be up and doing, she abandoned the great hollow of a chair, and paced up and down the room.

In passing the tall pier-glass she caught her own reflection and paused to contemplate it. Did that girl looking at her from the mirror, with the exquisite features, the smooth complexion, the elegant, silken-clad figure, and general appearance of fashionable uselessness, want to go to live with Mrs. Tim Parker? She laughed in her face. No, that would not do. Besides, she had no money for the journey, and did not know where to find the Parkers if she had. How silly to think of such a thing!

But she must not leave off trying to find something to do. A great, tall, healthy girl to be good for nothing! Then it flashed over her to go and seek work for herself. So she ran quickly up stairs, got her hat and shawl and hastened into the street without giving herself time to be afraid. However, she was very much afraid, fancying every one she met, and who stared at her beauty, guessed her trouble and her trepidation. Drawing a veil over her face to hide her secret, she almost fled before the scourge of her desperate resolve, all down the long street until she came to Kearney. Here she fell into a lotting state to take time to think and observe. The most prominent places for women, apparently, were the millinery stores. Passing two or three before she could make up her mind to enter, at last she determined to try the next one she came to. It was a small shop, kept by a French Jewess with sharp features and glittering black eyes. Judith timidly made her errand known.

"Non," replied the Madame. "Ve sell you ponnet if you wish. Ve no wants any potty to make ponnets," and Judith turned quickly away.

A good deal frightened, Judith had the discernment to know that this was not a fair trial, and made up her mind to seek a large establishment next. Keep-

ing on until she came to one of a more promising appearance, she once more entered, and quietly asking for the principal, inquired of that rather showy personage if there was need of an apprentice in her business.

"No. An apprentice is not wanted, but a good trimmer is."

"Can I not learn?" asked Judith, thinking it could not be much of an art to place ribbons and flowers on a hat.

"O, yes," replied the finished milliner, raising her eyebrows; "but it is somebody already taught that we require."

So Judith gave that up. Next she tried a large trimming store, in which the day previous she had purchased a piece of lace for a collar. The woman in attendance recognized her, and knowing the value of such a personal appearance behind her counters, was evidently inclined to make terms.

"Are you quick at figures?" she inquired; and poor, confused Judith was forced blushing to admit that she was not; whereupon the trimming merchant regarded her with some astonishment.

"I had forgotten that I must be quick at figures," said Judith, and departed with a face crimsoned by shame at her ignorance.

Still not willing to return to the Braze's without another effort, she walked on, taking note of what she saw against a future day. Going into a sewing machine store, she asked on what terms they would employ anyone in this business, and was told that they gave nothing to those requiring instruction; but that to competent persons who could teach the use of machines to purchasers, and do fine work, they gave four hundred dollars a year. Though unable to reduce this sum into fifty-two parts, Judith had some idea of its inadequacy to purchase many such dresses as the one she had sent home the day before, and thanking the polite attendant, again sallied into the street.

ESSAY.

READ BY MRS. S. MIRANDA BUCK, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF O. W. S. A., FEB. 15, 1874.

FRIENDS: A few words on Equal Rights are apropos to this occasion. There is not much to be said. We cannot fight, we will not quarrel, and every argument that is strong and conclusive known to man has been used. Therefore, we will first read an extract from that most excellent paper, the Toledo Journal, after which we will gently touch various little points and conclude. Hear the Journal:

SHALL WOMEN BE ENFRANCHISED? I am well aware that this interrogatory, though often advanced, is still met by many with indifference.

The customs and usages of society are so firmly fixed, that what is really wrong seems to be right, because it has always been practiced. It is readily understood, in speaking of the American race, that participation in the right of suffrage is necessary to the realization of this fact: that there is a class of people deprived of their natural rights merely on account of sex. What a strange reason for opposing a part of our race, and withholding from them the universal right of the American citizen, for enfranchisement has belonged to women ever since the establishment of American independence. Shall she longer ask for rights that are her own? Shall such injustice, long meted out to her, still continue? The halls of learning, that are the pride and boast of our land, are closed against her; the benches to elevated and lucrative positions are refused her; consequently she has to perform the most unenviable and unprofitable menial duties of her race, and she is obliged to support and if so fortunate by such self-denial as to support a surplus against the time of need, a portion must be rendered to maintain the Government, the laws of which she must obey or suffer the extreme penalty.

There has never been given any wise and consistent reason why women should be denied their God-given rights. It is often asserted that the ballot was given her, she would not use it. This reasoning is as sensible as the grand-parent who forbade his favorite going near the water wheel who had learned to swim. Did not the noble Miss Anthony and others, at the peril of reputation and property, cast their vote into the Nation's history? Give her the power, and let the non-fulfillment rest upon her own head.

Fearless, able women have been agitating this question for a quarter of a century. Though met with opposition and reverses, the cause has steadily advanced, and to-day receives the aid and encouragement of the philanthropists and statesmen of the land. In looking from the past to the present, a candid observer can not fail to observe the magnitude of their work and the grand results that must surely follow. I can quote a hundred speeches from far-seeing, public-spirited men, occupying high positions of trust and honor, all having the true ring of this article. But it is unnecessary. Men are already convinced that the principle is right, and are ready to accept the signs of the times and the solution of the "Woman Question" along with woman's enfranchisement. All that is needed now is for the disfranchised class to earnestly claim what is theirs by virtue of American citizenship, and "the great transaction done!" Then people will look back and wonder that it took such a struggle to accomplish it. For an illustration let us consider the disfranchisement of men! If we were to write an essay on man, every thinking mind would suppose we meant man-kind.

But in speaking of man's disfranchisement it is potent to all that for the present, but a small portion of the kind is under consideration. We have nothing to say concerning the "kinds" coming under the name of idiots, lunatics, Chicanos, or babies, (which last, we love 'em), and woman is usually left, politi-

cally, with these. But she now objects to being thus left, contending that she belongs to a more intelligent class, of which she is the acknowledged "better half." This brings us to the last round of the ladder, where we started—whether top or bottom cannot say—but to the "worse half" of course. There is another title which they delight in thinking peculiarly suited to their peculiar state of weakness. It is pronounced voters, and means a very great deal to them, though they try to persuade the "better half" that it is far pleasanter, and infinitely nobler, to be called non-voters.

Let us for an instant take the present law-makers at their word, allowing them to occupy this desirable (?) position. One would suppose they would immediately sink to a state of mildness, temperance and contentment, and become long-suffering and happy. But alas for human calculations, we have made a mistake somewhere! For unfortunately they are related mentally, morally, physically and socially with the thinking, law-making element. Why, friends, just think of it! They have law-makers for their life companions, their lovers, their parents and their children. And under all these influences, and with all these associations, are they to blame if they sometimes feel patriotic, or understand law, or question the excellence of this regulation or applaud the effect of that? Certainly we cannot blame them. Are they not all children of one mother Earth and one father Adam, educated to act in unison and harmony with those same voters, to understand and abide by their laws and regulations, to pay taxes when they have property, (for the powers that be have great regard for a person who has property, be he or she dead or alive, and will appoint assessors and collectors, guardians and administrators, *ad infinitum* and *ad valorem*.) If they have no money they have a citizen's inalienable right to take care of themselves! The thousands of upright women in our land, who can never hope to be happy—wives and mothers, and many of whom have helpless ones to support—can well appreciate that last fact, if it is men's business to take care of the women. But I was considering the advantages (?) enjoyed by non-voting men. One particular benefit is worth singing for. They would be free from having to refuse their votes for \$250, a new hat, a promise of office or anything. They would also be exempted from imbibing more whiskey than was good for them, just because they hated to refuse, you know. But, what's the matter now? Ah! this last fact is too much. Bread is the staff, but whiskey is the life, and if you threaten a man's life, look out for the consequences. *Præterea, change!* Our fellow citizens (?) have a grand indignation meeting, which for shortness merely might be called a "rooster convention." Resolutions are passed, rocks are fired, spirits are poured down, causing spirits to rise high, banners in garaged style are flaunted in patriotic air, and the motto is, "fraternal without representation isn't fair!" Every fellow who won't sign a pledge against such inequality in a free country is left as a fool, or worse. Petitions are circulated demanding, not praying, redress. Orators take the stump, cheered on by the excited populace. Strong language is used, but always polite, of course. (Mr. Nesmith, for example, and finally, "Give us our liberties or give us death," echoes from hill-top to homestead, while the popular voice cries, "Down with the tyrants!"

I pause just here, and ask all to notice how differently we, non-voting women, press our claims, and being of the "better half," I cannot appreciate how men declare war, aye, "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt," against their very brothers, and all for less cause than that they are obliged to uphold a Government which has its power independent of their consent, and that they must obey laws made without, and often against, their judgment.

One matter they would not have to complain of but once our women legislators would heed their prayer and wipe out the soul-degrading and youth-destroying institutions which now are so near our very habitations that our young are past redemption ere they out-grow their trundle beds! And, my fellow citizens, these things must be wiped out, and forced to hide their many heads beyond the walks of our little children! When voting humanity wish to accomplish anything, they gather together and go at it with a will, and 'tis hardly sooner said than done. But they do not have a power in the ballot which we do not at present possess. They can, as Judge Grant of Iowa says, "think them with their vote," when legislators pay attention to their petitions and wishes. Mark this, my hearers, one vote weighs more in public affairs than the dearest wishes of ten thousand intelligent women. Why? Because the former may count one for or against somebody's pet scheme, and the latter are, forsooth, only idle wishes, not respectable opinions. But non-voters though we are, we will succeed, for "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and God speed the day!

Therefore let me urge upon all thinking men the propriety, utility and promise of future good there is, in helping us out. We will sustain those who sus-

tain us, in all their good enterprises, and in many ways, beside thinking them with our votes. Come, lovers of justice and good order, "come over and help us." Sign this, our pledge, that we will take hold, hold on, and never let go, until "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the" people and the whole people, who are governed by it.

Hear now what the Hon. George W. Julian, of Indiana, says:

"We submit that an aristocracy founded on sex is quite as pernicious as an aristocracy founded on color or race. Its principle is as morally vicious as it is logically false; and it is the party which boasts of its enfranchisement of our African fellow citizens, and that from its plain duty to save twenty millions of American citizens, and thirty of our race, I believe it will not be very long before a national party will be organized that will really rule the day."

That man will never regret the stand he has taken. Let others do likewise. Now, thanking you for your kind attention, I ask pardon for the length, but not the partiality of the above, and conclude.

Taxation Without Representation.

The gross and unjust tyranny by which the women of the United States are oppressed in being subject to taxation without representation, when every man, although not owning a dollar or a foot of land, who can succeed in keeping out of the poor houses, can legislate for them, and vote away their substance, was demonstrated in the case of the Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Conn., to which we alluded last week. These ladies carry on the business of making, and are self-supporting, orderly, law-abiding citizens, charitable and of unapproachable and highly respectable characters. Weighed with the burdens of heavy taxation, when no vote was allowed them to elect the law-makers, or to express a desire in regard to the expenditure of the fruits of their hard-earned toil, they came to the conclusion at last that forbearance and submission were no longer virtues, but rank cowardice, and accordingly they refused to pay their taxes, amounting to something over \$100.

On New Year's Day, the tax-collector levied upon several of their Alcey cows, each of which was worth at the lowest calculation from \$90 to \$200. The cows were driven to an advertised place, near some sign post, in the village, and there offered for sale. Quite a procession accompanied the tax-collector and the cows: the former drove the latter, with some assistants and a dog; the dog was followed by a man leading a drum, and the drummer by numerous of the governing sex on foot, who with a Yankee eye to the main chance, "guessed" they might as well bid on their own cows as anybody else's, as he who must be sold cheap; these citizens on foot were again followed by others, who ostentatiously rode in "vehicles;" and lastly came the owners of the cows, in their wagon. The Smiths were treated by their friends and neighbors as criminals of the deepest dye, no one speaking to them, and several who wanted to buy Alcey "cows" cheap taking pains to pronounce that in their opinion the "Smith girls" were serving according to their just deserts. The bell rang, the auctioneer and the "cows" began to sell, and in a short time the sale was concluded. The Smiths were made being sold for a little more than \$100, which sum was scarcely a fair compensation for two of them. As they were driven off, the masses Smith stood quietly by, and calmly viewed the oppressive tactics to which the Government of their native land subjected them, firmly avowing their intention to pay no more taxes, until they were permitted to vote, even if the property was stolen from them and they were forced through its loss to "go to the poor house." Their heroism deserves the imitation of every woman in the land, though we venture to predict that if similar steps were attempted by the women of Toledo, they would be treated so much more in accordance with the laws of humanity, that setting all justice aside, they could scarcely be more than enter their written protest against taxation without representation, since the rapid strides which the Woman's Franchise movement is making in our city, its vicinity, and the whole State, warrants the belief that many years will not pass before the complete political freedom of woman will be an established fact, and her equality before the law be such that she will no longer be classed in the category of fools and felons. There is no needness equal to that of the "land of steady habits and wooden nutmegs," and though the governing classes of the West are not as free from selfishness and prejudice as they will be a few years hence when woman is welcomed to Legislative councils, the rapid progress they are making in their approximation towards this just equality, is so creditable to their goodness of heart, that the advocates of Woman Suffrage have until the present time felt that their duty was performed by a written protest only.—Toledo Journal.

SENSIBLE GIRL.—The following is an abstract of an essay from the pen of a young lady graduate of the Biddeford (Maine) High School, on the absorbing question of "What shall I do to Live?" "The 'lords of creation' are compared to sturdy oaks, and we to the vines that cling to and twine around them; but this metaphor, if ever pertinent, to use a slang phrase, has long since 'played out.' We have all heard of the '3,000 oaks' vines in Massachusetts, to say nothing of the uncounted thousands in Maine, and there are too many oaks that scarcely support themselves, to say nothing of their supporting anything else. I much prefer a life of activity and honorable exertion, and believe that the world owes me a living if I can earn it, and I expect it on no other condition."

Marie Verdin, a girl of eighteen, is attracting the attention of the medical faculty of Paris. She is afflicted with a strange infirmity, known as nyctalopia, that is, losing the faculty of sight when the sun is above the horizon, and regaining it in the night time. During the day Marie Verdin is obliged to keep her eyes closed and wear a thick veil. But in utter darkness she can see as to read and write with perfect ease.

There are many who are not satisfied with the present state of things, and who are ready to accept the signs of the times and the solution of the "Woman Question" along with woman's enfranchisement. All that is needed now is for the disfranchised class to earnestly claim what is theirs by virtue of American citizenship, and "the great transaction done!" Then people will look back and wonder that it took such a struggle to accomplish it. For an illustration let us consider the disfranchisement of men! If we were to write an essay on man, every thinking mind would suppose we meant man-kind.

But in speaking of man's disfranchisement it is potent to all that for the present, but a small portion of the kind is under consideration. We have nothing to say concerning the "kinds" coming under the name of idiots, lunatics, Chicanos, or babies, (which last, we love 'em), and woman is usually left, politi-

cally, with these. But she now objects to being thus left, contending that she belongs to a more intelligent class, of which she is the acknowledged "better half." This brings us to the last round of the ladder, where we started—whether top or bottom cannot say—but to the "worse half" of course. There is another title which they delight in thinking peculiarly suited to their peculiar state of weakness. It is pronounced voters, and means a very great deal to them, though they try to persuade the "better half" that it is far pleasanter, and infinitely nobler, to be called non-voters.